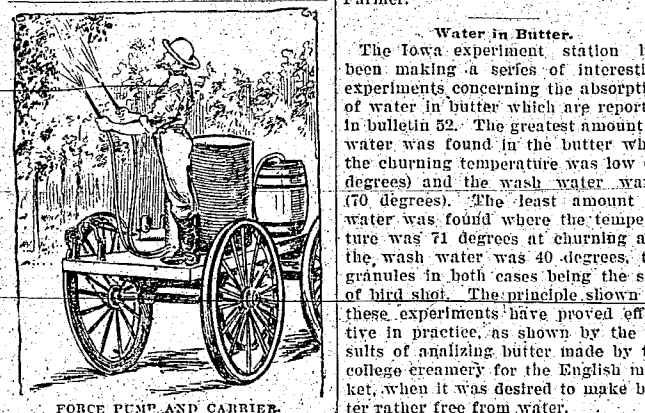


Fruit Tree Sprayer.
The illustration shows an improved spraying apparatus for discharging liquids on the foliage of fruit trees, the machine being designed especially for large orchards, where time is more valuable. With the apparatus provided it is possible to drive a team between the rows at a fairly rapid pace, and as two streams are provided the adjacent sides of two rows of trees may be sprayed at the same time. There is also a storage tank for the accumulation of pressure, in order that if a tree is discovered to be mutually infested with insects the wagon may be stopped long enough to treat them to an extra large dose of the destroyer. The pipes are arranged in such a manner that a number of barrels of the liquid may be carried at once, emptying themselves automatically in rotation, without the opening or closing of any valves when the sprayer is once in motion. This a large quantity of the liquid may be carried and discharged with the least attention to detail, allowing the operator to devote his entire thought to



the condition of the trees. The pump is operated by gearing it directly to the hub of one of the wheels. The patent has been granted to Ferdinand L. Capps, of Atlanta, Ga.

Missing Fertilizers at Home.
There is one advantage in mixing fertilizers at home, that if one has a definite idea of the elements most needed in his soil, or by those crops he intends to grow, he can use them in such proportions as he wishes, without buying such as are not needed. He can also, usually, buy the raw material at such prices as may save him the usual commission paid to the agents, and the cost of bagging, and put into his pocket also the price charged for the mixing. A part of the two first items is more imaginary than real, however, as the dealer wants profit on the material, as he would have on the manufactured goods. But if the farmer decides to do this he will find it against the buying of raw phosphate rock or bone, and mixing it with sulphuric acid. The carbons of acid are unpleasant things to handle, as the acid burns clothing or flesh wherever it touches them, and railroads charge high rates of freight on them, because of the danger of breaking in transportation. It is better to buy the acid phosphate fourteen to sixteen per cent strong.—American Cultivator.

Large Hay Crops and Hay Stacks.
A farmer near Corvallis, Ore., is reported in the Oregonian as having 263 acres of what is called "thunder" hay, the best of which has been in time for over seven years, last year being the seventh year of cutting, and one of the best they ever had. The yield was over four tons to the acre, and they put over one hundred tons in one stack, which they sold to a Government contractor at \$9 per ton, or nearly \$1,000 for the stack. We doubt if so much was put in one stack anywhere else in the United States. Near the edge of the meadow stood two large fir trees, and a wire was stretched between them fifty feet from the ground, then by ropes, pulleys and hay fork the hay was carried to the top of the stack. It is not often that timothy will endure so many years in one field, but on strong land, not pastured or cut too closely we can believe that it might have done so.—Exchange.

Scabby Potatoes.
Some one expresses an opinion that the scab on potatoes is worse where the ground is packed solid or is allowed to crust over. If this is true it is true it should be less abundant where a straw mulch is used than where commercial fertilizers are used, which is not often the case. A soil made loose and porous by having green rye or a heavy grass sward plowed under just before the seed is planted will grow potatoes free from scab almost invariably, but we think that the decaying vegetation kills the fungus that causes the scab.—Exchange.

The Horse's Mouth.
There is no such diseased condition of the horse's mouth as lamprosy. Sometimes when they are changing their temporary teeth for permanent ones, there is a slight inflammation around the root of the tooth, but this only lasts a few days and never extends to the bars of the mouth. Do not allow any one to cut or burn your horse's mouth under any circumstances, as there is no disease that such treatment will benefit.

Color of Draft Horses.
Don't worry about the color if you are buying a draft horse. Don't pick an inferior one because he is your color. Get a good horse, and his color will suit the market. Of course if you have a set of breeders who insist on black

IS NOT PRACTICABLE.

NO DANGER OF A EUROPEAN TRADE ALLIANCE.

Conflicting Interests Will Operate to Prevent a Retaliatory Tariff Combine of Foreign Countries Against the United States.

The Realist plan of a continental trade alliance against the United States might be practical if Europe were one nation, within the several parts of which there was the community of interests brought into existence by a free interchange of commodities. But it is practically impossible to form one general trade alliance against the United States while the several European nations tax each other's products. A tariff schedule against the United States which would serve the interests of one European nation might not serve the interests of any other nation. The United States has one legislative body which harmonizes to the best of its ability the interests of the different sections. When a revision of the tariff is proposed representatives from all parts of the country are invited to Washington to represent the industries of their respective sections. When the revised bill is submitted to Congress, representatives with votes take up the work of presenting the claims of the different parts of the country. While no section gets all it asks for, it usually finds upon examination that its interests have been considered and its demands complied with to the extent that like consideration of the interests of other sections would permit. In this way the United States presents a solid front against the foreign industrial world while preserving accord at home by unrestricted trade among the States and Territories.

The Continent of Europe is divided into a number of little nationalities which have no interests in common. The fact that these several royal families are allied by blood creates no bond of union. One daughter of Queen Victoria shares the Russian throne with her hereditary monarch, and another daughter of the British Queen is the mother of the present Emperor of Germany. But these ties do not prevent the three nations from an almost constant warfare. Except each other, what enemy has either in Europe that requires one-third of its working population to be kept in military service and to feed upon the earnings of the other two-thirds? A way to meet American competition will be found when Europe reduces her military establishments to the proportion to its population that the American army bears to its working people. The same level might be reached by an increase in the American army to the European proportion, but the American people will see that that folly is not committed.—San Francisco Bulletin.

CHANGED CONDITIONS.

From Good to Bad in 1892, and from Bad Back to Good in 1893.

Industrial conditions which prevailed in the United States four years ago have been completely reversed. Then and for three years before, workmen were clamoring for employment; now employers are clamoring for workmen. Then the factories and railroads were burdened with more capacity than business; now they are burdened with far more business than capacity. Then the genius of manufacturers was strained to devise means by which production should be reduced to the minimum capacity of their plants; now all the skill at their command is called into requisition to provide means for increasing production. Then the idle were struggling to secure employment, while the employed were struggling to prevent the fall of wages; now as honest and capable man need work for work, and the struggle of the employees is to raise wages.

Unwise counsels so reduced duties in 1883 as to depress industry and cause discontent. Then Cleveland was elected by a bare majority of 23,000 votes. He devoted an entire annual message to attack upon the protective tariff. He failed, however, to get a tariff bill passed, but kept industry in hot water till his defeat by Harrison was assured. Then recovery began, the volume of business increased in 1889 by two billions of dollars, and wages rose higher. The McKinley tariff came in 1890, and wages rose still higher. The business in 1892 reached the highest point ever known up to that time—\$43,332,000,000 through clearing houses—and the workmen shared in the prosperity.

In 1893 Cleveland came in again. Business slumped immediately. The worst panic for half a century drove more than two million men out of employment and deprived the rest of nearly 20 per cent of their former wages. The volume of business in 1894 was 25 per cent smaller than in 1892, and the Wilson tariff taught the country the practical effects of Democratic theories. McKinley, framer of the tariff of 1890, was elected in 1896 by the heaviest plurality ever cast before for an American President, being 603,514, though in 1900 he increased that plurality to 539,824. The votes of workmen in the great industrial States were overwhelming, and the election of a Republican Congress assured the return to the national policy which defends American labor. There was an immediate improvement in industry, and this received a great impetus from the Dingley tariff, so that the volume of business through clearing houses jumped from fifty billions in Cleveland's last year to over ninety billions in 1900. Wages rose to the highest general level yet attained since the day when they were reckoned in depreciated dollars.—Leavenworth Times.

Where the Farmer Comes In.
According to a recent announcement of the Agricultural Department, the farmers of the United States received \$145,294,172 more for their corn, wheat, oats, barley, rye, buckwheat, potatoes and hay in 1900 than they did in 1899; the total receipts for last year being \$1,861,464,582, as against \$1,676,170,470 in 1899. This increase is in part accounted for by the fact that the average prices for each of the products enumerated were higher in 1900 than in 1899, although in some instances the advance was but a fraction of a cent.

The greatest advances were in corn and hay, the advance in the latter giving the farmers over \$33,000,000 more in 1900 for a crop of 50,000,000 tons than was received in the previous year for the crop of 56,615,759 tons. If the increased value of stock and other property were added to the increase in the value of products, it would probably be found that the four years of Republican administration had returned to the agricultural interests of the nation a large proportion of the billion dollars shrinkage in values which resulted from the preceding Democratic administration.—Springfield (Mass.) Union.

Russia's Retaliatory Duties.

The wisdom and propriety of Secretary Gage's action relative to the collection of countervailing duties on Russian beet sugar grow more and more apparent. Strong representations on this subject had been made to our government by the German ambassador at Washington prior to the decision of Secretary Gage, and a protest had been entered in behalf of Germany against discrimination in favor of Russian sugar, accompanied by an intimation that Germany might feel called upon to impose higher rates of duties on American products unless the grievance should be remedied. That such a course would have been taken by Germany under the continued irritation of having to pay a higher price than that paid by Russia for the privileges of the American market may be considered reasonably certain. Then, indeed, would the situation be a serious one for our exporters. We sell to Germany every year \$100,000,000 of our products, against only \$10,000,000 sold to Russia, and of the latter sum not more than \$2,500,000 is subject to the increased tariff put in force by Russia. Retaliatory duties on \$100,000,000 of retailed duties on \$2,500,000 was the alternative certain to be sooner or later presented to Secretary Gage, and he naturally chose the smaller amount by ordering the collection of countervailing duties on Russian sugar pending a judicial determination of the question whether Russia does or does not pay some sort of bounty to her exporters of beet sugar. For his choice of action in such a dilemma Secretary Gage is on all accounts to be commended rather than censured.

It is of additional interest to know that the United States minister at St. Petersburg confirms the statement of Secretary Gage that the additional duties lately imposed by Russia do not apply to imports of agricultural machinery from the United States. It is also stated on reliable authority that imports of railway materials and supplies from the United States, being known in Russia as imports for the government, are not subject to any additional duty.—American Economist.

Another Trap Gone.
The revival of trade which followed immediately upon the enactment of the Dingley law in 1897, to take the place of the Wilson law abrogation, was so remarkable that the free-traders were hard put to find some argument or excuse for their discredited policy. They looked over the field of industry, hunting for one halting enterprise, and at last they were rewarded. The cotton industry, as they almost exultantly pointed out, was still having hard sledding in spite of the restoration of protection. At every report of the growing prosperity along all other lines, their invariable retort was, "Behold the cotton industry." But this last support of theirs went some time ago, and every month that goes by only serves to show what a poor and temporary support it was. The facts now available go to show that the Fall River cotton mills paid, during 1900, an average dividend of 7.25 per cent on a combined capital of over \$21,000,000, and that the New Bedford cotton mills did even better, for, according to figures given in the Textile Manufacturers' Journal, they paid an average dividend of 9.19 per cent on a combined capital of \$19,500,000. It isn't strange that during the last campaign the free-traders were driven to the point of sneering at prosperity altogether, and to attributing the liking of the American people for prosperity to an over-weening consideration for their stomachs.

Terrible Deed of an Insane Man.
A terrible tragedy occurred two miles southwest of Mayville when Christian Leix, in a fit of insanity, killed Jacob Mooth by cutting his throat, and then used the same razor on his own life. Leix was about 35 years old and leaves a widow and three children. Mooth was about 16 years old and worked for Leix on the farm. Mooth was dead when found. Leix lived about three hours.

Iron Warehouse Burns.
Fire destroyed the warehouses and elevator of E. & C. Co. in Iowa, entailing a loss of \$55,000, half of which falls upon the Grand Trunk Railway Company, which owned the elevator building. Fifteen thousand bushels of grain and \$5,000 worth of wool were burned in the warehouse. The property was insured for \$12,000.

State News in Brief.
Alpena's big cement plant has started operations.

Leslie is a great town for telephones.

There is one phone for every twelve inhabitants.

Lapeer will have a pickle factory if the farmers of the vicinity will agree to raise 200 acres of cucumbers.

James Laumon of Lapeer, who was charged with stealing trout in Sauble lake, was acquitted in justice court at Baldwin.

In the matter of fires Marshall was extremely lucky this year. The total damage from this cause during the twelve months was but \$290.

The City Council at Bowling has granted a franchise permitting the Grand Rapids and Bowling electric railroad to enter the city on the main street.

Litchfield has lost its only manufacturing outside of the flour mills. The Litchfield Manufacturing Co., makers of hay and stock racks, has sold out and gone out of business.

John Brown of Port Huron dropped dead of heart failure as he was entering Robert Kniz's meat market. Coroner Falk was called, but decided an inquest unnecessary.

A stock company is being formed at Chequamegon for the establishment of a second flouring mill in the village. There is also much talk of a beet sugar factory there.

Williamson seems to be an easy mark for thieves. The railroad station there was broken into in broad daylight while the agent was at dinner, the money drawer pilfered and \$10 taken.

Charles Garrett, a prosperous farmer of Elsie, used his granary as a smoke house in which to cure meats. It caught fire and burned, destroying grain, tools and machinery to the value of over \$500.

Conductor Will C. Mumfrell was stricken with heart trouble on the stage lamp at Ann Arbor while playing with Thomas Seabrooke's "The Rounders." The audience was dismissed.

The work of straightening and double-tracking the Michigan Central between Ann Arbor and Dexter will begin as soon as the first frost is out of the ground, and will be completed by July 1.

President Angell called in the class presidents Ann Arbor, and warned them that there must be no hair-cutting this year. The rule under which any one who is caught in a hair-cutting venture is liable to expulsion will be rigidly enforced.

NEWS OF OUR STATE.

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO MICHIGANDERS.

Unsubstantiated Robbery at Utica—Missing Boy Brought Back—Largest Verdict Ever Rendered in Berrien County—Warehouse Burned at Ionia.

There was a sensational bank robbery at Utica the other morning between 1 and 1:45. There were five operators who came into the town, did the job easily and escaped before they had hardly been seen. The front door of the bank was tried open by instruments stolen from Fisher's blacksmith shop and in a few moments the outside doors of the bank safe were blown off and a tray containing about \$60 was taken. The inner doors, however, were not so easy to yield to the nitroglycerine which they used freely and although they were badly bent they could not be opened. The second explosion broke the door of the safe and the robbers, who were at the Exchange Hotel across the street, and also Ralph Clark, the night clerk of P. J. Dunsbury's undertaking rooms, who frightened them away before the job could be finished. When Cashier H. J. LeMontaine arrived a little later he found the doors open and the floor strewn with tools and small change. A posse started in pursuit, but the robbers had secured a handcar and rode within two miles of Warren and leaving it walked through the village. They then broke open the section house there and securing another handcar rode within a few miles of Detroit. From this point there is no clue. It is supposed to be the same gang who have been doing petty jobs throughout the State.

Finda Missing Boy.

Deputy Sheriff Bates was detailed by the sheriff to follow the missing Kawkanville boy, Willie Patckey, whom his parents reported kidnapped by a woodsman passing their house, returned to Bay City, bringing the lad with him. He overtook the runaway nine miles from Flint, having got on his track by the trail of the long distance runner. The boy told a somewhat peculiar story of the affair. He said when the man came to his house he asked him to get into the wagon, saying that he would drive him home, that he was covered with a blanket in the bottom of the wagon and kept there; that he had been instructed to say that he was not wanted to go back home because he was not treated properly by his parents. The officer says the man with whom the boy was found said the lad asked to go with him.

Verdict for \$11,000.

John F. Bays, the plaintiff in the \$25,000 damage suit in the Circuit Court, against the Warren Featherbone Company of Three Oaks, was awarded a verdict of \$11,000 at St. Joseph. This is the second time this case has been in the Circuit Court. The first time the jury disagreed. Bays was an employee in the Featherbone mill, and was a victim of a broken pulley that nearly cost him his life. E. K. Warren, the owner of the factory, rendered every assistance to the family, and until suit was started, it is said, he never stopped his pay. This is the largest verdict ever rendered in the county.

Frut Package Plant in Trust.

A deal has been closed whereby the fruit package trust has obtained control of the St. Joseph fruit package plant, the only large plant of the kind in the combination. This plant was operated by the Lake Shore Fruit Association and in a measure stood between the combination and the small fruit growers so far as prices were concerned. The growers are alarmed because of the transaction.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON FOR APRIL 14.

John 20: 11-18. Memory verses, 16-18. Golden Text.—"Behold I am alive for evermore."—Rev. 1: 18.

It would be natural to expect that the four gospels would be in perfect and evident agreement in their narrative at this point, in view of the transcendent importance of the resurrection and its proofs. The fact is, however, that while they are not contradictory, their several versions present certain difficulties in arrangement. If we attempt a complete harmony, placing each appearance of Jesus in its chronological order, we discover that the evangelists used various selections from the early testimonies, and did not think it necessary to explain what intervened in the gaps of the narrative. An examination of the four gospels shows the events of the resurrection morning. These should be carefully studied, as in no other way can we appreciate the perplexities of the problem in detail, which it is desirable to do before settling one's mind to the comfortable conviction that the accounts agree in the main. The four gospels do agree as to a number of appearances, but the arrangement of these gives trouble. Space is lacking here for a detailed examination of this question, for which see lives of Christ, particularly Gilbert, Rhee, Burton and Matthews ("Constructive Studies").

On a rigidly literal interpretation of scripture it is difficult to reconcile Matthew's story of the two Marias (he does not mention other women) coming to the tomb, seeing the angel, and receiving his message, then seeing, recognizing and touching Jesus (Matt. 28: 1-10), with John's account of Mary Magdalene coming, apparently alone, seeing the open tomb, running and bringing Peter and John, and finally meeting the Lord, whom she does not at first recognize and is forbidden to touch. The only tenable explanation is found in comparing the accounts of Mark and Luke, and assuming that Mary Magdalene started with the other women, but left them at some point before reaching the tomb, though seeing from a distance that the stone was removed. On this assumption the appearance of Jesus to the other women (Matt. 28: 9, 10), which seems to include Mary Magdalene, is the subject, however, as to Mary Magdalene in this week's lesson.

The minor differences as to the number of angels, phylology of the utterances, etc., need not disturb us. They are not greater than appear throughout the gospels and are incidental to all human testimony, even the best. The larger difficulties of the subject, however, are of some study. Note particularly that Luke has no mention (apparently no knowledge) of appearances in Galilee, and that those appearances, narrated by the other gospels, must be placed between Luke 24: 43 and 44, with no apparent break. Note also that Luke mentions no appearance to the women.

As Burton and Matthews say, "These differences are sufficient to show the diversity of sources which lie behind our gospels, and to render it probable that no one of these sources had full command of all the facts, unless, perhaps, the fourth gospel aims to correct and supplement the other accounts. Probably, also, they render impossible a chronological arrangement of the facts which can be confidently affirmed to be the true one." That is, an element of uncertainty exists as to the details of the events of the resurrection morning; but this in no wise impairs the strength of the evidence to the fact that Jesus did appear several times to various persons and groups of persons. Paul seems to select certain appearances which were recorded by him as especially familiar and convincing, without excluding others. The fact that he is emphasizing is that his own sight of the risen Christ was as real as any of the other appearances.

Prof. Ithoe's reconstruction of the events identified the appearance to the women narrated by Matthew with that to Mary Magdalene narrated by John, which involves the admission that the tradition of the angel's words, and that of the Lord's words to Mary, became blended. In any event, we cannot doubt that Jesus did appear to Mary, whether alone or with others standing by. The touching simplicity of the story needs no comment save that even those who love and adore Christ must deeply sometimes fail to know him at first when he speaks to them.

Next Lesson—"The Walk to Emmaus." Luke 24: 13-35.

His Thoughtfulness.
Rev. Leighton Parks, relating many anecdotes illustrating the unvarying sympathy and kindness which Phillips Brooks showed to all humanity, notes in particular his thoughtfulness and consideration for the humblest classes.

At one time a working man was told at the hospital that unless he would consent to undergo a dangerous surgical operation his life would probably be forfeit. The evening before the operation was to be performed the man and his wife went to see Phillips Brooks, whom neither of them knew, and were received by him as kindly as they had expected. He talked soothingly to them and promised to be with them the following day at the hospital, and he kept his word.

"All that their imagination had conceived of what he might be to them in their emergency," says Mr. Parks, "was more than realized. What mattered it to him that they were not of his church, that they were strangers? They had come to him in their hour of trial, and he would not fail them."

Predicament.
"He insulted me!" exclaimed the Parolan, "and he refused to apologize." "Did you fight?"

"Yes. And I wounded him so badly by accident that now I have to apologize to him."—Washington Star.

Where They Live.
Twenty-six per cent of the entire population of the world lives under British sway, 9 per cent under Russian rule, 5 under French and nearly 6 under American.

Revival of Door Knockers.
One of the latest fads in New York is the substitution of old-fashioned knockers for doorbells. The older and more battered the knocker the higher the price it commands, and enterprising dealers are already manufacturing antiquities of this kind out of iron and brass.

German Emigrants.
In 1881-1885 the annual number of German emigrants averaged 171,868. In 1897 there were only 24,631 and in 1898 only 20,837 emigrants.

PORTORICAN WEALTH

INDUCEMENTS IN AGRICULTURE AND CATTLE RAISING.

Government Reports Facts Encouraging to Investors—Cultivation of Sugar Cane and Tobacco Insures Handsome Profits—Railways and Roads Needed.

People in search of reliable information about Porto Rico will find a lot of valuable statistics in the official report of the census of the island, issued by the United States War Department. The census was taken under the direction of Lieutenant Colonel J. P. Sanger, who has made his report a document of unusual interest.

While agriculture is now the principal source of wealth to Porto Rico, says Colonel Sanger, the early settlers were for many years engaged in cattle raising, and this is still an important industry, the rich and luxuriant pastures and many streams providing all that is necessary for this purpose. It may be said that all fruits and vegetables adapted to a tropical climate will yield abundantly in Porto Rico, and this is especially true of the coffee tree, the sugar cane, and the tobacco plant, the three staples of most importance in the order named, and grown widely over the island.

In Porto Rico the select and renowned coffee is produced between 200 and 800 meters above the sea level. At this elevation are found the towns of Yauco, Lares, Maricao, Utuado, Cayey, etc., which form the productive region of the renowned coffee of Porto Rico. This region, which includes something more than the southwest quadrant of the island, is characterized by a climate of perpetual spring. The constant breeze refreshes the atmosphere and the frequent rains equalize the seasons so that not even in times of drought does the vegetation suffer as occurs on the southern coast of the island, nor during the rainy season are the rains so heavy as on the north coast. Owing to these favorable climatic conditions, and to the fact that the coffee groves are situated in valleys sheltered from the strong winds, and the soil, of which we will presently speak in detail, is due the enviable reputation of the coffee of the country.

Altitude Affects Coffee Growth. In the central range of Porto Rico is the Sierra Luquilla, which has an

Las Marias and Ataricao; the produce of one cuerda (acre) will range from 200 to 1,200 pounds. A fair average will give for every cuerda 400 pounds. The topographical conditions of the coffee-growing districts are such, and the hills so steep, that the only agricultural implement that can be used with effect is the common machete, or chopping knife. It is used for clearing the ground and for making the holes.

The total cost of a hundredweight of coffee ready for market, including expenses for cultivation, is from \$10 to \$12, Porto Rican money, equal to \$6 to \$7.20 United States currency. (This is about what Rio coffee sells for on the market at New York.) The produce is shipped in bags, containing each from 55 to 100 kilograms.

The quality of the Porto Rican coffee is excellent, and the principal markets have been Cuba and Spain, but very little having been imported into the United States, where it is not well known. Under favorable conditions the coffee crop of Porto Rico is easily worth from \$6,000,000 to \$10,000,000.

Being protected by the good climate, the Porto Rican sugar cane industry is an important one. Coast lands, cleared, which receive rains or irrigation, and retain humidity some time without becoming swamped, are good for the sugar plant; these lands not situated high above the level of the sea, near the coast, which are flooded by large rivers in extraordinary freshets, but which on account of their natural location and great depth are quickly drained, receive the name of tierras de vega, and are those used for the cultivation of sugar cane everywhere. These lands in general are alluvial lands, and are very rich in fertilizing elements.

Cultivation of Sugar Cane. Sugar cane may be produced in Porto Rico, where the soil is sandy and loose, at \$24.50 (American money) per acre. Cutting the cane will cost \$2.40 an acre more. To manufacture a 1,200-pound hoghead of sugar from the cane costs \$6. Besides these there are various other items of expense, such as terminal charges, transportation, and shrinkage. This latter is an important item, ranging from 6 per cent on steam vessels to 10 or 12 per cent on sailing craft. In 1897 Porto Rico produced 126,827,472 pounds of sugar, for which the planters received \$3,782,465, or a fraction less than 3 cents a pound.

As in Cuba, the tendency is toward large plantations, with central mills for grinding. Comparatively few of the

principles of the "scientists" seem to be known, according to the Medical Record, for among the South Sea Islanders no man falls sick or dies from natural causes. They would argue, if called upon to analyze their belief, that health is the natural condition, and that every departure from it must be caused by supernatural agency, and since disease is an evil, you must look for its agents among those who wish you evil.

Thus far they are at one with many good people in Europe, who take comfort in the thought that every visitation of sickness is a divine judgment for their sins, but savages push their logic further. Their gods do no mischief for mischief's sake, and since all men have enemies, and are all free to invoke the unseen powers for either good or evil, the sick man has only to make his choice among the number of his ill-wishers and charge his heirs to avenge him.

"Every skilled craft tends to specialization. A few successes in causing illness by spells gave a man a reputation for their skill, and he was called upon to remove their enemies for a consideration, he took to the business as a profession, handing his secret down to his son, and his son's son, until the trade became hereditary. A family that once acquired it took good care not to lose it by bungling, as the 'wise women' sometimes did, for the art of killing by witchcraft had the decided advantage over the art of healing, that if the spell failed there were other ways—a dose of something in the kava cup or a club stroke on the back of the head. Thus among some of the Melanesians tribes it is not too much to say that the population is divided between the companies of those that caused disease and those that healed it."

HIDDEN TREASURE.

Better than Captain Kidd's—It Was Found.

One of New York City's most famous hosts in the early days of this century was John Hunter, of Hunter's Island, which is now a part of Pelham Bay Park. In the fine old mansion still standing on it, which he built, in 1807, for a country home, and in his town house at 7 State street, he entertained in a lavish and splendid manner, gathering often as many as forty guests at a time around his table. The silver that helped to make these banquets princely was as famous in its day as his owner's good cheer, and there was a story connected with it, too.

THE CYCLONE SEASON

Vagaries of the Monstrous Disturbances Are Unexplainable—Some of the Queer Things Cyclones Have Done.

The months of April and May usually cover the time when the cyclone has its funing in the central valleys of the country. The records of recent years show that at about the first of May the cyclone season is at its height, although some of the frightful storms have not occurred until a month later.

Scientists have struggled with the cyclone problem for many years, but much of the mystery surrounding its origin is unexplained; also the reasons of the prodigious power it exerts upon objects in its path. They agree, however, on one thing, and that is the name. Cyclone, they say, is a misnomer, the correct designation being tornado, but the people who have actually wrestled

of half an inch in width. The sole seemed at first glance intact, but a closer examination showed that this portion was pierced by a number of small round holes. They were the holes where the metal nails or tacks had been; the latter had disappeared, melted by the electricity.

Metal objects on the bodies of persons killed are frequently thus treated. The corset steels of women become drops of iron, the knives of men and bunches of keys carried in the pockets are fused into a solid mass. Watches and watch chains are often similarly treated; in two or three cases in Southern Kansas the watch of a victim was not sufficiently melted to lose



A WESTERN CYCLONE AT WORK.

with the monster and have seen it tossing their residences about in midair call it a cyclone, and cyclone it will be. Scientifically the cyclone is the storm that sweeps over the South Atlantic Ocean, with a diameter of from 100 to 1,000 miles.

The tornado travels in much smaller form, but in its reduced dimensions it has all the concentrated energy of the ocean storm. The diameter of the tornado is seldom more than 100 yards and frequently much less than that. It has been known to travel straight along a country road for more than a mile, wrecking everything in its path, but not injuring the fences on either side. The diameter of this tornado could not have been more than 80 or 90 feet, but its power was almost beyond belief.

But the curious freaks worked by the cyclone of the Kansas variety command more attention than its tremendous force. On one occasion the roof of an eight-room house was lifted bodily, curved 300 yards, half way into a grove, where it seemed impossible that it could have passed between the trees, and left lying flat, but upside down, in a vacant spot just large enough to receive it. Occasionally the side of a house is carried away and converted into kindling wood, while the rest of the edifice is quite uninjured.

In one instance, in Iowa, half a double house was shattered to bits, while the other half and the hall were quite untouched, even the carpet on the hall floor remaining unsoiled, and the paper on the wall showed neither spot nor scratch.

In another, the porch of a Kansas house was cut away as neatly as though with an ax, a queer contract being seen in a third case, where the house was destroyed and the porch left standing intact.

In Nebraska the second story of an eight-room house was taken off by the wind in a Kansas dwelling. A double house, with a hall in the middle, stood facing the direction from which the cyclone was approaching. When the storm was seen the residents took refuge in their cave and listened to hear the fall of their home. A terrible crash was heard, and they, of course, supposed that the house had gone. On emerging they were surprised to see the house standing as before, but were almost paralyzed with astonishment to find the northeast wall of the dining room, which was on the opposite side of the house from the direction the storm came, had been blown out and the furniture, tables, dishes and all other contents had been carried off and crushed to atoms, and no other damage had resulted in any part of the building.

The cyclone which devastated Sherman, Texas, stripped nearly all of the dead of clothing, and from the feet of every corpse the shoes had been wrenched. This is a common trick of cyclones, but scientists cannot fathom it. In many instances the shoes disappear, being either torn to fragments so as not to be recognizable as footwear or carried off to considerable distances and dropped in places where, if found at all, they excited little comment. In several instances, however, the shoes have been found close to the bodies of the dead and in a condition that indicated very powerful electrical action.

Some years ago a shoe was taken from the ruins caused by a Kansas cyclone, and its condition caused no little wonder. It had been ripped from the foot of a man who was killed. The strings were gone and the upper portions, from ankle to sole, were cut into tolerably regular strips from a quarter

VIRGINIA OF MANY YEARS AGO.

Courtesy and Discipline in That State in the Early Days.

In an old biography of Chief Justice Marshall there is an anecdote which gives a significant hint of the discipline to which young people were subjected in that earlier day.

Several of the great jurists' nieces were in the habit of visiting him, and as they were young and attractive the house became a rendezvous for the leading young men of the city during the afternoons. Judge Marshall's black majordomo, old Uncle Joseph, held a tight rein upon these visitors. Every day at 4 o'clock he would appear at the door of the drawing-room in spotless livery, and with a profound bow, would announce:

"Ladies, his honor the Chief Justice has retired to his room to prepare for dinner."

"Gentlemen, dinner will be served at half-past 4 o'clock. It is now 4. His honor will be pleased if you will remain, and covers have been laid for you at the table. If you cannot remain, will you permit the young ladies to retire to prepare for the meal?"

The gentlemen usually took their leave, and the ladies retired in an ill-humor, but any remonstrance with Joseph was only answered by: "It is the rule of the house. Young folks must be kept within bounds."

In Virginia houses of the better class, notwithstanding their almost boundless hospitality, the calls of young men in that day were strictly held within limits. No one was received as a visitor to a girl unless his antecedents and character were well known to her parents.

If his visit was prolonged until after 10 o'clock, the invitation to family prayers was given. If he seemed likely to become an habitue of the house, and so to engage the thoughts, and perhaps in time the affection, of the young girl who was his chief treasure, her father quietly asked the purport of his visit, and, if he had gone other than his amusement, courteously requested him to discontinue his calls. Youth's Companion.



The Woman Beautiful.

Dirty-Faced Liz: I am sorry for you, Liz; but the only way to get your face clean is to wash it. I told you this once before.

Dollie: If you too lie, and Harry objects, there is only one thing for you to do: Toe out. You can do this by wearing cast-iron braces on the inside of either ankle. Any healthy blacksmith will gladly fit them to you.

Mazie: Before attempting to remove the wrinkles by massage, learn the evils of making faces at your neighbors. As soon as you have broken yourself of that habit, there is hope for you if you steam your countenance for half an hour night and morning and then run it slowly through a clothes wringer.

Rosie: To cure pimples and red blotches on the face apply a curryscomb dipped in sulphuric acid. Rub vigorously and then, upon retiring, apply a lotion of aqua ammonia, soap and water. If this doesn't remove the pimples and red blotches, grow a new skin.

Daisy: What if you have freckles on your nose. They won't hurt you. When you are older—say 35 or 40—it is quite likely they will fade away. If you have no freckles on your intellect and no wrinkles on your heart you are all right.

Slender Suzanne: Olive oil in beer will put 400 lbs. on you to beat three of a kind. If you are a blonde, drink pale beer; if a brunette, drink dark beer. Always take things that match your complexion. Dash cold water on your figure every morning. If possible have the maid turn the hose on you. Then throw a few flip-flops and take a ten-mile walk. Write me how you get along.

Della: Massage is what you need. Put the week's wash into the boiler over a good fire. After allowing it to simmer gently for a reasonable time remove the pieces one by one, and placing them on a washboard massage them thoroughly with soap and water. This treatment, if persisted in, will infallibly restore your sluggish circulation to its normal vigor.

Mrs. SQUEE GEE.

Salt and Skylights. The absorption of salt as a means of prolonging human life is among the "discoveries" recently made by the scientists who make newspaper stories. All a man has to do is to lick salt until he learns to love it with the affection of a blonde cow, or lie him to the shore where the restless waves wash the unchanging rocks, and sup in a few gallons of nature's solution.

There are still to be found in some places remains of the old blue glass skylights with which people prolonged their lives a quarter of a century ago. It cannot be denied that many of those who had the rays of the sun fall on them through the colored glass, and religiously made themselves look like a moonlight effect in a modern theater every day, twenty-five years ago, are still living. Some who did not use the blue glass have also survived. This science works its way.

Afraid of Russia. To what extent the Russian policy has influenced the imagination of Swedish people may be gathered from the fact that in Sundvalv, on the east coast of Sweden, the inhabitants have formed a committee for the purpose of collecting money to defray the cost of erecting forts in and around the town, and particularly to create a defense against the attack from the sea.

A man who understands women is willing to admit that he doesn't understand them.



Mrs. Wiggles—Does your husband have a "den"? Mrs. Waggles—No, he roams all over the house.—Sommerville Journal.

Dodson—Tapley hopes to be a social lion. Fogson—I don't see why he shouldn't be; he is already a cub.—Hartford Life.

Mr. Newed—Um! Seems to me, my angel, this hash has a queer taste. Young Wife—Hash? That's fruitcake.—New York Weekly.

Munnibags—My daughter is going to marry a duke. Reporter—What you need, Mr. Munnibags, is a press agent.—Ohio State Journal.

Ray—I look upon you, sir, as a rational. Parties—you are privileged to look upon me in any character you desire to assume, sir.—EX.

Yep. Blifkens has gone stark, staring daffy. "What caused it?" "Trying to keep track of the base-ball war."—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

He—Don't you think that is a funny story? She—Yes; but I have got the neurlogia too bad to-day to laugh at anything.—Sommerville Journal.

The Kangaroo—A hunter chased me ten miles to-day. The Ostrich—I'll bet you were mad, eh? The Kangaroo—Mad! I was hopping.—Town Topics.

His Profession: Prisoner—I was quietly attending to my work when this man arrested me. Magistrate—What is your business? Prisoner—I am a burglar.—Tit-Bits.

Jake (timidly)—I wish I knewed what you would do if I should steal a kiss. Miss Linda. Miss Linda (coyly)—I wouldn't take no great while to find out, Jake.—Puck.

Casey—Who don't ye pay Cassidy 'r tin cents ye owe him? Costigan—Faith, Cassidy puts up such a good fight Oi wudn't be friends wid him fer anything.—Judge.

"Pa," asked little George, "what's the pump and circumstance of war, any way?" General Miles, replied the old gentleman, without looking up from his paper.—Chicago Times-Herald.

"My daughter had a quiet wedding on account of her husband's recent bereavement." "Has he lost a near relative?" "Yes; his first wife has been dead only six months."—Chicago Record.

"These druggists make me tired with their superfluous directions." "What's the matter now?" "Why, this prescription I had filled for the ague has a label on it: 'Shake before taking.'"—Philadelphia Press.

"I think Miss Sorosis is a girl of very pronounced character." "What leads you to that belief?" "She got all ready to go to the theater and never once asked if her hat was on straight."—Philadelphia Times.

A Different Point of View: Willie (crying)—Mamma—boo-boo!—Joe hit me with a great big brick! Boo-boo! Mamma—And what did you do to him, dear? Willie—I hit him gently with that same little brick he threw at me.—Exchange.

Critcock—That Western Napoleon of Finance whom you have written up in to-day's paper must be a man of enormous longevity. Editor—Why? Critcock—You say, "He is reported to have made six million dollars in six years."—Philadelphia Record.

Quashing an alibi: Defense Advocate—"Sir, the officer charged with being intoxicated while on duty is above the breath of suspicion." Police Commissioner—"Sir, your statement is ill-timed; the accused is even at this moment munching clothes."—Judge.

Tommy—Mamma makes me go to bed every night at 8 o'clock. Minister—Well, you know, she does that to make you healthy. Tommy—I guess that's so. I notice when pa doesn't get home to bed till after midnight he don't look healthy next morning.—Philadelphia Record.

Henrietta, of Catonsville, says: "My papa objects to my admirers sitting on the steps and talking with me until a late hour at night. He claims that he cannot sleep on account of our noise. What would you advise?" "Advise papa to sleep in the daytime."—Baltimore American.

"You told me," said the infuriated purchaser, "that that book on the farm you sold me never ran dry." "Guess I did," said the real estate man. "It has been dry all summer." "When it was dry, it didn't run, did it? Therefore, it could not run dry; we never deceive."—Indianapolis Press.

Mrs. Church—You say they will not take any children in these flats? Mrs. Gotham—That's the rule, and they carry it out to the letter. "Why, when I came upstairs I saw three or four dirty-faced children on the stairway." "Oh, well, those belong to the janitor."—Yonkers Statesman.

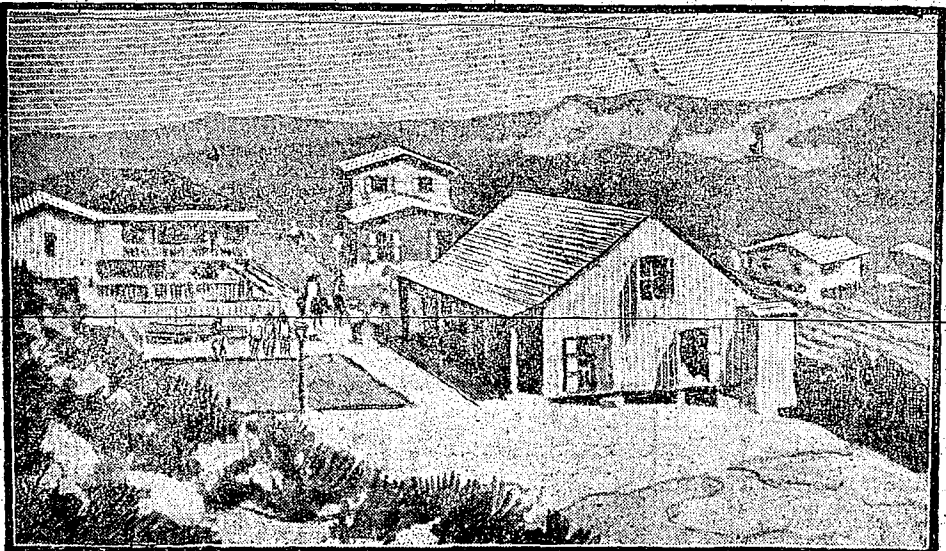
Mrs. Strubb—John, I expect to attend the sewing circle to-night. Mr. Strubb—Well, Maria, what is the program? Mrs. Strubb—We are going to discuss this man, Agulnoble. Mr. Strubb—Absurd! What has he to do with sewing? Mrs. Strubb—A good deal; don't the papers say he is hemmed in and his temper is ruffled?—Chicago News.

"Do you think you will win her?" asked his friend. "I am sure of it if only her father keeps his word with me," replied the suitor. "What do you expect him to do?" "I expect him to live up to his threat to kick me out of the house the next time I call, and if he does—well." "Well, you know something about girls, don't you?"—Chicago Post.

Patching Up Two Naval Relics. Two of the most venerable relics of the French navy the dispatch boats Inconstant and Paph have been bought by the republic of Ecuador and are now being patched up to be sent to their destination.

Weather W. "What makes your hands so cold this morning, dear?" "Oh, I suppose I should call it 'winter's icy grip,' since I've been slaking with the cold."—Judge.

True is an expert beauty slaughterer.



COFFEE PLANTATION IN LARES.

elevation of 1,500 meters above the level of the sea, and it is observed that above the middle height of this mountain coffee groves do not exist. Whether owing to the climate or to the soil, which may be unsuitable, where grow only some shrubs in thickets and some worthless herbs, it is true that after 800 meters have been passed the coffee is not seen, and all attempts to grow it at that altitude have been without results.

"Coffee growers modify the climate by employing shade—that is, they plant their coffee groves beneath the shade of a grove of thick trees, as for example, the huacuas, guaba, jobo, guama, mango, etc., and under the banana trees when the coffee groves are young.

"The coffee grows on hills of low elevation, associated with many other trees, which afford shade, modify the temperature, and protect the coffee from hurricanes and torrential rains. The composition of these coffee soils is variable, but in all of them sand predominates, and on the surface there is an abundant covering, the product of the decayed vegetation of the forest. The land which produces the renowned coffee of Porto Rico, as to its physical appearance, seems to be a very fine clay, and when it rains becomes as slippery as soap, and transit at such times is dangerous. It has a red color when moist, and when squeezed through the fingers resembles in its color and smoothness the oxide of iron paint, but when dry it becomes very hard.

"There are small plantations where the cultivation is both intelligent and intense, which produce thirty quintals (3,000 pounds) and more—per hectare (two and one-half acres), but this is exceptional, for there are lands in the same region which scarcely produce one quintal (100 pounds). As an average crop, taken from the different classes of land, and taking into account also the variations that occur from year to year, a production of from ten to fourteen quintals per hectare may be counted on as the result of fairly intelligent cultivation."

The coffee tree is completely developed and producing after seven years if the conditions under which the growth has been perfected have been favorable. Otherwise it will need ten years, and the product will never compete with that of a good, sound tree. The cost of one cuerda (about one acre) of good coffee up to the date of production will average \$180, United States currency.

When the tree is four years old it will not produce sufficient to cover expenses, and if the soil is not of the best quality the conditions will be the same after five or six years. In such districts of this department (Mayaguez)

sugar estates are provided with steam vacuum machinery for making sugar, and nearly one-half of the cane-grinding machines are worked by oxen. The hurricane of Aug. 8, 1899, damaged the sugar mills considerably, and the financial straits of the planters have made it impossible to restore the plants. Larger plantations—or colonies—improved methods of cultivation, and central mills with improved machinery will in time no doubt add enormously to the output of sugar.

Several varieties of the tobacco plant are cultivated in the country—that called Guacharo, which is believed to be a native of Venezuela, the Virginia blanca, the Corazon de Vaca, the Cubano, and others. As yet the selection of the variety best suited for the purposes of the manufacturer has not been made. He prefers a leaf with color, elasticity, large intercostal spaces, and small ribs, which are the best for the manufacture of the different kinds of cigars, which the consumer demands—essential qualities which oblige the maker to seek the locality productive of good tobacco, indeed the only selection that is now made.

Classed with agricultural industries is stock raising, which is an important and remunerative industry. In 1897 the island had 67,751 horses, valued at \$2,000,000; 4,367 mules, worth about \$134,000, and 303,612 cattle, valued at \$6,000,000. The swine and sheep statistics were insignificant. There are 69,933 landed holdings, or "estates," in Porto Rico, comprising about 5,200,000 acres. Among the great drawbacks to agriculture are the lack of highways and railroads, and the inferior agricultural implements in use. General Davis, the military Governor, is trying to remedy the lack of highways, and has expended over \$1,000,000 in the repair and construction of roads. Even roads in the immediate vicinity of the cities are in poor condition, and during the rainy season nearly all of them are almost impassable for vehicles. The total length of all railroads is about 150 miles, all tracks being narrow-gauge, and the rolling stock, roadbeds, etc., very inferior.

Coffee is the main product of the island, and 41 per cent of the cultivated land is given over to the crop. Sugar cane occupies 15 per cent and bananas 14 per cent of the land.

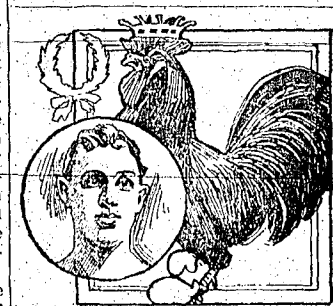
HEATHEN HAVE POPULAR CULT. Christian Science Practiced by Inhabitants of South Sea Islands.

Those who believe in "Christian Science" are recommended to study the beliefs of the South Sea Islanders. Even in those archipelagoes of "far-off" islands of Eden, lying in dark purple spheres of sea, the fundamental prin-

When John Hunter's father, Robert Hunter, who was a nephew of the Colonial Governor of that name, and a man of wealth, came to this country, he brought with him among his baggage an old iron strong box, which he kept in the State street home. At his death, his son, John Hunter, knowing nothing about it, and considering it too clumsy, an article to be given house room any longer, packed it off to a storage warehouse with a lot of other stuff. It lay there for years forgotten, till finally the storage-keeper, taking a fancy to it, asked Mr. Hunter if he might have it. Mr. Hunter consented, but decided to have a look inside of it first. The key to it was not forthcoming, and a locksmith was sent for to force it open. Within were rows of canvas bags. Mr. Hunter picked up one of them; it fell to pieces, and Spanish silver dollars rolled over the floor. The chest was full of silver pieces. Mr. Hunter sent them to a silversmith and had them made into the service that is still to-day one of the finest in the country. There was a placard for the middle of the table seven feet long, and every guest seated about it was served exclusively from silver dishes.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

NEW BOSS O' BANTAMS.

Harry Harris, the little Chicagoan who outpointed and outgeneraled Pedlar Palmer at the National Sporting Club, in London, the other night, has twice been defeated, and hardly comes up to the requirements of a champion



HARRY HARRIS.

compared with others who have held the title. He hasn't got the punch, although as clever as boxer as ever drew on the stuffed mitts. Steve Flingman, now dead, and Clarence Forbes were the American boxers who took Harris measure before he dreamed of crossing the big pond to conquer the old style world.

They say Mars is a funny world, it is funnier than this one, it must be a freak.

\$100.00 Reward

To protect your health and our reputation, we will gladly pay this big reward to any one who will furnish us information on which we can secure conviction of a dealer who tries to sell worthless fake imitations when CASCARETS are called for. When you're offered something "just as good", it's because there is a little more money in the fake. Buy CASCARETS from the honest dealer. They are always put up in blue metal boxes with long-tailed trade-marked C on the cover—every tablet stamped C. C. C., and they are never sold in bulk. Remember this and whenever fakes are offered when CASCARETS are called for, get all the details and write us on the subject at once.

SIX MILLION BOXES

SOLD LAST YEAR

OUR BEST TESTIMONIAL



BEST FOR BOWELS AND LIVER.

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

THIS IS



THE TABLET

GUARANTEED TO CURE: Five years ago the first box of CASCARETS was sold. Now it is over six million boxes a year, greater than any similar medicine in the world. This is absolute proof of great merit, and our best testimonial. We have faith, and will sell CASCARETS absolutely guaranteed to cure or money refunded. Go buy today, two for 10c, and get them a fair, honest trial, as per simple directions, and if you are not satisfied after using one box, return the unused box and the empty box to us by mail, or the druggist from whom you purchased it, and get your money back for both boxes. Take our advice—ask the matter what this you start today. Health will quickly follow and you will bless the day you first started the use of CASCARETS. Book free by mail. Add: FRANKLIN MERRILL CO., New York or Chicago.

10c.
25c. 50c.

NEVER SOLD IN BULK.

DRUGGISTS

441

AN OLD-FASHIONED SOUL.

Not hers the New Time's lofty lot—
To questions big replying;
She only knows to keep the cat
And soothe the children's crying.

Not hers to stand in temples bright,
Sad strife for strife returning;
She only knows the lamps to light
And keep the home fires burning.

Not hers to move with iron will
In paths of strange endeavor;
She only knows that Home is still
The sweetest name forever!

There are her joys, and there her tears
A life so sweetly human,
The world shall whisper through the years
"God bless that little woman!"

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

Good For Nothing.

BY IMOGENE H. SYKES.

Crash went the beautiful cut-glass vase on the stone steps, and down at the feet of the culprit lay the crushed roses amid the glittering ruin.

"Oh, Maud!" cried a low, grieved voice.

A white robe, dainty and perfumed, flashed through the open door in angry haste, and paused beside the gingham dress of the culprit.

"I knew it!" retorted a high-pitched voice, in calm despair. "Each day sees my opinion of you verified, Kathleen. You are not to be trusted!"

"Surely, Maud, you do not think I purposely broke your vase?" asked the girl in gingham, looking half-proudly at the angry face of her elegantly clad cousin.

Maud Severn shrugged her shoulders—she had learned how from her French master, and with her head on one side, the action gave her quite a foreign air, she thought.

"What matters it whether you did it purposely or not?" she retorted, contemptuously. "Those great, awkward hands of yours are forever doing mischief—they are truly good for nothing!"

Kathleen looked down at her brown hands, and smiled sadly.

"True," she said, as she bent down and gathered up the "lovely" roses, "good for nothing as things count in your world, Maud; but we are not at the end of time yet, and my record may read differently then!"

"What nonsense! You will never be ladylike or graceful, so do your best with your other virtues!" cried Maud, angrily, as she pronounced the name of Kathleen, betrayed a natural dignity she could not imitate. "Put the roses in another vase, and clear away that rubbish!"

Kathleen was looking at the broken glass with a glad relief in her face.

"I can mend this, Cousin Maud," she quietly said; "and it can be used with safety."

"It will take gentler fingers than yours," laughed Maud. "But do as you please. Only, Kathleen," she paused at the door, looking back over her shoulder—"you needn't think it worth while to appear to-night. Mamma thinks three unmarried daughters sufficient to entertain the guests without."

"A portionless niece of her dead husband's," quietly interrupted the girl, with a far away smile. "I understand, Maud. Don't think I shall regret it. I do not like good-for-nothings any more than you do."

Maud stamped her foot angrily.

"At least the new doctor is good for something!" she cried, eagerly, betraying her own tactics for the evening.

"So he should be, to fill the position he assumes. I trust he has more ambition than vanity, or the poor of Gilford will suffer."

Kathleen carried the vase within doors, and though she was quick at repartee, there were tears none the less in her gray eyes, and a wistful pain at her heart.

But she quickly completed her task of arranging the table and flowers, besides numerous little touches to fruits and ices, without which the effect would have been marred, if left to the one clumsy servant, or the indolent daughters of the house.

When all was done, she felt free to seek her own pleasure on that lovely evening. And a strange pleasure it was for one so young.

She took down a broad-brimmed hat from its familiar hanging-place behind the kitchen-door—it was needed too often in her daily duties to rest idly beside her cousins on the hall-rack—and she hastened quickly through the back garden out on to the highway, and took the road to the village.

"How new doctor!" she pondered, as he had disappointed her. "I did hope that a clever, earnest physician would come to Gilford and help the poor, and instead we have a fashionable, gay young man, who frequents lawn parties and flirts with silly girls. Oh, if I were only a man!"

Kathleen was crossing a muddy patch in the road as she arrived at this wish, and making a quick spring to the dry side of the road, she turned her ankle with sickening pain and fell prostrate upon the grassy bank.

"Oh, dear! Maud is right, after all," she moaned in despair, half-comical and yet painful in detail. "Two miles from the village or home, on a bylane very few frequent, and unable to move with a sprained ankle!"

And after summing up her position, she first laughed, then cried.

"Poor old granny!" she sobbed. "She will think I have deserted her, and she is so poor and ill, with no one to care for her but me, and now I cannot go to her."

"Perhaps I can help you," said a pleasant voice from the bank above her.

Looking up quickly, Kathleen met a pair of frank, brown eyes, that looked sensible enough to help her in her foolish predicament.

"I don't know—" she began dubiously.

"Well, there's nothing like trying," laughed the man on the bank, and down he came with a flying leap to her side. "What is it?—Broke anything, eh?"

Kathleen had to laugh, he was so pleasant and breezy.

"Oh, no; only twisted my ankle," she said, shyly.

"Only! Humph! You are used to making light of great matters, I see." And to Kathleen's horror down he dropped on his knees, and coolly took possession of her foot.

"So much for wearing a low shoe," he said, half-angrily, as he looked at the active little foot, clad in an Oxford tie, and then deftly untied it and drew it off.

Kathleen grew indignant and red.

"You need not trouble yourself—" she began.

"Be still. I am a doctor, young lady, and know what sprains mean," he coolly retorted, moving the foot gently, though her lips quivered with the pain.

A doctor! Kathleen looked full at him in astonishment. Not the new doctor, surely!

"You are going to spoil two engagements for me this evening, with this foot, young lady, so you must repay me with obedience. At one place, music, laughter and bright smiles await me, to welcome me to my new home! At the other, a poor old woman is waiting to thank me for looking up my poor, first thing after I take possession of my practice."

His frank eyes met the conscious gray-ones looking so eagerly at him.

"You speak of my home and my poor old woman!" she cried, gladly.

"Oh, I am so rejoiced you are good for something!"

He laughed heartily.

"Which you doubted. And so you were going to see the old woman when this happened? Then you are—"

"Kathleen Severn," said the girl, quietly.

"Doctor Oscar Ware, at your service," retorted the cheery voice, as its owner raised his hat. "Now, Miss Kathleen, I know all about you, for Granny Duff is garrulous, and as you are used to obedience I expect you to mind me now. My horse is at the blacksmith's across the field, where I left him to be shod, while I came over here to gather wild-roses for a sick lad in the village, and while I go after him you must sit still and wait for me."

Kathleen started. Would he drive her home?

"Oh, but you must not!" she protested, in terror.

"Very well. Then I'll leave you sitting in the mud, waiting for a deliverer more to your taste," said the doctor, coolly, rising from his knees.

Kathleen felt her eyes droop with sudden pain.

"Thank you," she said, gently with a sadness, in her voice that made him look at her. "I will accept your help since I must."

"Only because you must?"

"I am used to helping myself, but I am I am useless."

"I am glad to be the first to offer you help in your weakness," said the frank voice, gently; and then away he sped across the field, leaving Kathleen dazed with sudden ideas and emotions, yet laughing low and shyly.

In a short while the doctor appeared on the road, driving a light wagon behind a strong brown horse, which he drew up before the mud-puddle, and then he sprang down lightly beside the girl.

He raised her by her hand on to one foot; she put the other down carefully, winced, turned pale, and, before she knew what next would happen, she was caught up in a strong pair of arms and lifted high above the mud-into the wagon.

"There!" said the cheery voice, as the self-reliant young man took up the reins. "Your foot is all right, Miss Kathleen. It is only strained a little; and by the day after tomorrow you may try another jump."

Kathleen listened shyly; she was feeling emotions so new and strange that silence seemed to protect her from herself, and throughout the drive home she could only listen and rejoice at the brave nature of the new doctor.

Once only she spoke, to ask him to drive in the back gate and through the barn-yard, so that her entrance might not be seen from the house. Then, as he left her at the kitchen-porch, and gave her a little glass bottle, with the direction to apply its contents to her foot until the pain ceased, she raised her eyes, and said:

"I am glad you have come here, Doctor Ware. So many sad hearts need you."

"But not brave ones like yours?" he asked, sharply.

"Even I!" she softly said, as she turned away.

Kathleen grew more cheerful as the months went on, for her earnest, helpful nature rejoiced that there was now another to care for and assist the poor and sad-hearted in the village.

A great pride grew in her as she heard her cousins condemn the new doctor as too commonplace and hard-working to suit their idle tastes; and her eyes and lips grew brighter each day as some new tale of his cheery kindness came to her through village gossip.

They met but seldom, and then only a few words were uttered; but Kathleen felt the need of even those few words, and knew they helped her.

One day a letter came. She was not surprised it seemed to her as if the time must come when his nature would claim hers, and she was tremulous with proud joy.

He spoke of their first meeting:

"Of that task were enamored my fingers, I ween."

For they lingered full long o'er those fingers of sheen."

She smiled at her thanks, and returned from the spot.

With a look in her eyes I never forgot.

For it seemed to say, in language too true,

"Thou'lt fettered thy heart in the string of my shoe!"

"God for something at last!" said Kathleen softly, as she told her tale to her aunt and cousins; and in the great light that beamed from the gray, earnest eyes, they felt their selfish natures shrink and grow pitifully small.—Saturday Night.

CHOOSING A CAPTAIN.

Curious Custom of Japanese Fishermen in Hawaii.

Where several years ago the fishing for the supplying of the Honolulu market was done almost exclusively by the natives in their canoes and a few Chinamen now the bulk of the work is done by the Japanese, who are at it in great numbers.

The boats which they use are built here after patterns used in Japan, and once in a while an Oriental steamer arriving from the West brings an imported fishing boat, which the fishermen think is superior to those of local manufacture. The boats are of a peculiar shape and are of different sizes, some able to accommodate but three men, which is an ordinary crew, and others are large enough for seven or eight men.

Now that the fish are getting scarcer it is necessary for the fishermen to go farther for their catches than was formerly necessary and very often these apparently frail and cranky-looking boats go nearly to Molokai and Makapuu Point, where the fishing is good. Only the larger boats are used for the deep-sea fishing, as they are sometimes out several days and must have room to carry the fish caught and provisions necessary for the trip.

Notwithstanding the frail appearance of the boats, they are strongly constructed and good sea boats, and as a usual thing are fast sailers.

On Punchbowl street, in Kakaako, a great many of the boats are built, and the launching of one of the larger kind is always an event of a great deal of interest to an onlooker and of great importance to the men who are to operate the boat. When the boat is completed the owners and builders and their friends decorate her with Japanese flags, lanterns and flowers. Then they take her to the water, into which she glides amid a great shouting and hallooing by the crowd.

Up to the time that the vessel is launched there is no captain selected for the boat. The choosing of this important factor in every case is left until the boat is in the water. It is known who the members of the crew are, and from them the captain is selected. A knowledge of seafaring is not apparently necessary for a man to be a captain of a Japanese fishing boat, as the following will show:

When the boat is in the water and moored securely the members of the crew, who are generally the owners of the boat, strip themselves and get into the boat. Then the fun of making the selection of the commander begins. There is no voting or drawing of lots to settle the matter. At a given signal from one of the crowd on shore, who are watching the men in the boat begin with all their might to try to throw each other out into the water. Each man is against the other, and so the struggle as a usual thing lasts a long time and is remarkably exciting.

All the time the play goes on the friends of the contestants yell words of cheer to the struggling men in the boat and throw buckets of water on them and into the boat, seemingly with the idea of making the battleground more slippery as well as refreshing to the men at work. As soon as a man is thrown out of the boat he must stay out, but may assist with water if he so desires. The man who stays in the boat longest, or rather who is able to put all the others out of the boat, has by his prowess shown himself competent to be captain, and so he is greeted with much applause and showered with congratulations at the termination of the struggle. There is no appeal from the selection so made, and the man so chosen continues to be captain until he voluntarily retires or sells out his share in the boat.

This novel way of getting a skipper seems very satisfactory to the fishermen, and it certainly affords a great deal of amusement to strangers who happen to be about during the selection of a commander.—Honolulu Republican.

Famous Lucky Stone.

A good deal has been heard of the "Lia Lai," or stone of destiny, which is placed under the seat of the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey; but few people realize the extreme antiquity of this uninteresting-looking, rough, gray block. It was brought to Ireland about 1200 B. C. by the Tuatha-de-Danaan, a mysterious eastern race, who conquered Ireland at that period. No one is quite clear as to their identity, but many savants suppose them to have been Chaldeans, Persians or Phoenicians. Those races were certainly highly civilized, even so long ago as the date mentioned. They attached the greatest possible value to the stone and used to crown all their monarchs on it.

Three of the Tuatha-de-Danaan queens reigned who sat upon the stone of destiny rejoiced in the curious name of Fodhla, Bamba and Elre—the last a name that is creeping into use again of late, after long eclipse. In the sixth century Fergus, King of Scots (an Irishman by descent), borrowed the stone for his coronation at Scone, and "froze on to it" when he had it. It never went back to Ireland, and many historians date the commencement of the distressful country's woes from that loss. Edward I, of England, carried off the stone from Scone and placed it in Westminster Abbey, where it still remains.—Modern Society.

A Foo to Happiness.

After all, it is well that we cannot see our own faults. Interposition is a foo to happiness.—Chicago Times Herald.

NEW WORLD'S FAIR IDEA.

A FLOATING EXPOSITION, THE SCHEME OF AN AMERICAN.

How It Could be Carried Out—Fleet of Vessels to be Chartered and Loaded With American Goods—To Visit All Ports of the World.

Says the National Geographic Magazine: A floating exposition, carrying samples of our merchandise around the world and putting our merchants in touch with those of all nations, seems a fitting American enterprise for the beginning of the new century. The nineteenth century has made the United States the greatest exporting nation of the world; why not begin the twentieth by showing to all the world what we have to sell and how we can sell it?

The imports of Asia, Oceania, Africa and the American countries south of the United States amount to over two billion dollars every year. Nearly all of these importations are of the very class of goods which we want to sell—food stuffs, textiles, mineral oils, machinery and manufactures of all kinds. Yet our sales to these grand divisions in the best year of our commerce, 1900, only amounted to about \$200,000,000, or 10 per cent. of their purchases. The annual imports of Asia and Oceania are over a billion dollars, those of Africa over four hundred millions, and those of the countries lying south of the United States about six hundred millions.

Most of the cities through which these two billion dollars' worth of goods are first distributed lie on the seacoast, and could be readily reached by a fleet of vessels loaded with samples of American products and manufactures.

If a floating exposition were systematically organized, loading one vessel with exhibits of food stuffs, another with textiles, another with agricultural implements and vehicles, another with manufactures of iron and steel, another with household requirements, and another with "Yankee notions," and sent from port to port and continent to continent, it should prove highly advantageous to our commercial relations with all of the countries visited.

Every manufacturer or exporter sending an exhibit would naturally send with it a capable representative, who could discuss with the local merchants the qualities of his goods and their fitness or unfitness for local markets.

The coming of an exhibition of this character would attract at each port not only the business men of that city, but those of other commercial centres in the vicinity, and by this process the wholesale merchant of the United States would speak face to face with those of every country visited, and in these discussions would learn in a practical way the obstacles which now prevent a free interchange of commerce and the methods by which they can be overcome.

The carrying of an undertaking which contemplates sending a fleet of a half dozen vessels for a two years' voyage around the world appears at first sight a serious problem; but present conditions seem to be exceptionally favorable.

A great exposition, especially intended to apply to the people of Central and South America, is to be held at Buffalo this year, and its exhibits would in many cases prove a basis for an undertaking of this kind, while another exposition, especially relating to the West Indian trade, is to be held at Charleston. Thus, in the disposition to extend our commerce in a prosperity which warrants new business ventures, and even in the partial preparation of exhibits, the circumstances appear to be especially favorable.

But there is still another condition which seems even more opportune and advantageous. The government is the possessor of a considerable number of safe and seaworthy merchant vessels purchased as transports during the war with Spain, for many of which it will not have active use after the close of hostilities in the Philippines. If some of these vessels could be utilized for this work the problem as to cost would be greatly simplified.

Congress has always dealt liberally with expositions intended to improve our commerce, either at home or abroad, and it seems not unreasonable to suppose that if applied to by a proper business organization it might loan the necessary vessels for an enterprise of this kind. The appropriations of money made by Congress in behalf of expositions at home and abroad in the past 25 years amount to over \$10,000,000, and in view of this it would appear probable that an appeal from a properly organized association of business men might meet with favorable consideration.

Whether the expense should be borne solely by those participating in the exhibition in proportion to the space they might occupy, or be met in part by a small charge for admission could be determined by those guaranteeing the expense of the enterprise.

The route which a floating exposition might determine for itself would be bounded only by the limits of the great sea upon which it would float. Starting from the eastern coast of the United States, it would perhaps make its first stop at our new possession, Porto Rico, thence to Cuba and other of the West Indies, thence to the principal cities on the eastern coast of Central and South America, thence along the western coast of America, then to the Hawaiian Islands, Japan, Korea, Asiatic Russia, the coast cities of China, the Philippines, Siam, the Dutch East Indies, Australia, the Malay Peninsula, India, Persia, Arabia, the eastern and then the western coast of Africa, then a tour of the Mediterranean and the cities of Western Europe, and thence back to the place of origin, occupying two or perhaps three years, and meantime carrying the American flag and American enterprise to every part of the world.

England spends about \$600,000 a year in the purchase of canary birds.

MIN'S LOST DIME.

Search for the Missing Money Led to a Riot Call.

Coming home from the market the other day Min lost a dime. It bothered her.

"It's not the dime," she said; "it's losing it. If I had bought gum or any other silly thing with it I'd be satisfied, but to lose it worries me."

Every day she went a block out of her way to look for that dime. At first nobody took any notice of her poking around in the weeds and sand beneath the "L," but the third day a small boy stopped at the edge of the path.

"I seen yer. Whatcher doin'?" he said.

"Hunting my dime," said Min.

"Lose a dime there?"

"Yes."

The boy began to hunt among the weeds. To next morning there were six boys and a small girl with a doll. A ragman climbed down from his wagon and walked over to the group.

"Dit you lose some dimes?"

"No," said Min. "I lost a dime."

The ragman hitched his horse to a lamp-post and began to search among the weeds. Soon an old colored woman with an ear trumpet and a baby carriage came along. She stopped by the edge of the path.

"Lawsd somethin', missie?"

"I've lost a dime, auntie," said Min.

The old woman gave the baby its bottle and began to look among the weeds. A train thundered overhead.

Three fashionable girls came down the stairs and one of them recognized Min. Then stopped beside the path.

"Deah me, what has happened?"

"I lost a dime," said Min.

The girls gathered up their skirts and began to poke among the weeds. Looking up later, Min noticed a tremendous assemblage of bicycles, grocers' wagons, hansom cabs, laundry carts, coal carts, stove trays, lumber trucks and automobiles, all stricken with temporary paralysis by the way-side, while their drivers were searching through the sand-beds—oblivious to everything—but the quest. Down the street a block away an excited man was beckoning "Come on," to some thing in the distance. Suddenly the clang of a patrol bell smote the air, and a dozen bluecoats clambered out of a big blue caboose that swung madly around the corner. The officer in charge hailed the excited individual:

"Well, what's up?"

"Why, a riot, can't you see for yourself?" said the excited man.

"Here, you!" said the bluecoat, gruffly, to everybody in general and no one in particular. "What's all this?"

"Noth—nothin', officer," answered Min in a pale way, as she came to.

"I'm looking for a dime I lost."

After investigations were over and the officer had paid his respects to the excited man, about "sending in \$100 riot calls for a 10-cent fizzle," he took Min aside in a fatherly way.

"Now, miss," he said, with a benign tone, "I don't doubt but that you've been looking for a dime all right. But how many of that crowd d'ye suppose took you at your word? Not a pesky one of 'em, unless, perhaps, the kids. They thought you'd lost a wad or somethin' else worth havin', an' that your dime was only a bluff, see? Suppose you'd lost a watch. If any of 'em had found it, they'd have sneaked off sure, an' that's the last you'd see of it. Folks don't get busy on other people's business for nothin', miss. Don't forget that, will you?"

And Min, feeling very much cast down, promised she wouldn't forget—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Crown Prince and the Carter.

The German imperial family "now stand in a position absolutely unique in relation to the Order of the Garter. The Crown Prince, who was invested with it at Osborne in the unusually early age of nineteen, is the third member of the House of Hohenzollern now entitled to wear England's highest decoration, his father, the emperor, and his uncle, Prince Henry, being already members of that most select order. It now includes in all a dozen crowned heads, or will when the King-Emperor of Great Britain shall have been crowned. The eleven are the Kaiser, the Czar, the Emperor Francis Joseph, the King of Denmark, the new King of Italy, the kings of the Belgians and the Hellenes and the kings of Portugal, Sweden, Saxony and Roumania. The Chapter of the Order of the Garter is strictly limited to 25 knights, most of whom are nobles, being the last creation, but it is without the king's right at any time to create "extra knights" from among his loyal sovereigns, and there is a special statute facilitating the admission of princes who are descendants of George III.

It may be noted as a fact of interest, and, perhaps, of some little significance, too, that not a single oriental potentate is a Knight of the Garter—Vanity Fair.

Don't Talk Too Much.

There was an amusing instance at a north country police court the other day of the ease with which one may get into trouble by having too much to say.

One dark night a rent collector had been waylaid, stunned by a blow on the head and robbed of a bag containing a goodly sum of money.

Ultimately a young fellow was arrested and charged with the crime. He stoutly maintained his innocence, and was endeavoring to set up an alibi.

Despite the efforts of his counsel to keep him quiet, the prosecutor continually interrupted while the defendant was giving evidence. In the end he interrupted once too often.

"How much do you say there was in the bag?" the prosecutor was asked.

"I'm not quite sure," was the reply; "but I should say there would be over seventeen pounds."

"That's another lie," blurted out the prisoner, excitedly. "There wasn't sixteen!"

It is scarcely to be wondered at that the verdict went against him.—Pitt-Bits.

ENGLAND'S PEASANTRY.

Their Present Condition Contrasted With That of a Century Ago.

The agricultural laborers of to-day are certainly better clad, more luxuriously fed, have far more leisure, are better educated, and are rapidly becoming better housed than their forefathers a century ago. And if these are the main constituents of happiness, then they are happier.

On the other hand, their grandfathers and great-grandfathers were much more gay and light hearted than the modern; they enjoyed their lives much more than their descendants do; they had incomparably more laughter, more amusement, more real delight in the labor of their hands; there was more love among them and less hate. The agricultural laborer had a bad drudgery time between twenty or thirty years ago, and he has been growing out of that. A village got is now a very rare bird, as rare as he was a hundred years ago. Then the laborer could not afford a drunken debauch—he had not the wherewithal. His master, the farmer, did drink, and the peasants deeply in the days when he was prospering. And for a few years after the rise of the laborer's wages, some twenty-five years ago, the laborer was the publican's friend. But hard drinking has been steadily declining, and the habitual drunkard is looked upon as a coarse brute to be avoided. As to other vices, things are pretty much as they were; I am afraid rather worse than better.

Perhaps the saddest characteristic of the men of the present, as compared with the men of the past, is that the men of the past were certainly more self-dependent—I do not mean independent, in the sense in which that word is used now—more resourceful, more kindly, courteous, and contented with their lot than their descendants are.

I think I know something about the English peasantry of a century or two gone by. I think I know just a little about the agricultural laborer now-a-days. I bear him a genuine love, and feel with him a cordial sympathy, and there is no knowing any men or any class of men whom we do not love and sympathize with. But as to the agricultural laborer of the future, I am sometimes inclined to doubt seriously whether before another century has ended there will be any such thing as an agricultural laborer to know—Nineteenth Century (London).

The Territory of Arizona.

To a great many Eastern people and even residents of adjoining states, Arizona is a land of perpetual heat and a multitude of reptiles. They have heard of the soldier from an Arizona post who died and went to hades, sending back to earth for his blankets; of the Arizona methods of cookery, whereby eggs are baked and meat roasted simply by exposure to the sun. They have heard of the rattlesnakes and hydrophobia skunks, which take up their night's lodgings in the drapery of a cowboy's hastily improvised couch; of the scorpions, centipedes and tarantulas which enjoy themselves in one's flesh while he attempts to slumber. The bad man with his gun and the bloodthirsty Indian are also prominent in the mind's eye of the tenderfoot, and he comes to Arizona impressed with the fact that he is destined to the jumping-off place, the land's end, where civilization has no place and the wild and woolly West is to be witnessed at its worst.

The sun goes down over a trackless desert; and sinks to rest beyond the crest of a rugged and lonely mountain. All the world apparently is taking a siesta in one vast parched desert. The tenderfoot sighs and thinks: "If such is Arizona, give me no more." His train hurries on, and when the first streaks of morning opens his eyes, revealed before his vision is one of the beautiful, verdant valleys which Arizona now contains; one of the garden spots of the Southwest, where the ingenuity of man and the magic of water have transformed barren and sterile deserts into land of flowers and grain fields. It is a new Arizona, which is bidding for immigration, for the introduction of capital, and to encourage these things is pleading for statehood.—Los Angeles Herald.

Poles Frozen in Position.

The telegraph line now in course of construction from a point on Norton sound, Alaska, through the gold mine camps on the Upper Yukon river to connect with the Canadian landline system in Alberta province presents some curious difficulties to engineers.

There being no wood in the country, steel poles are employed similar to those used for the trolley wires in Brooklyn and winter is selected as the season for work, because these poles can be most easily sledged over the ground and ice of the frozen rivers and lakes at that time. Even in summer the ground for a depth of twelve inches down is frozen solid, and in setting a pole the operation consists simply in blasting a hole in the frozen soil, sticking in a pole and pouring in water. This freezes, and, unless the climate of Alaska changes, will remain frozen indefinitely, holding the pole firmly and solidly. It is expected that this line will be in operation through to Cape Nome early next summer.—New York Sun.

Over the Phone.

"Hello!"

"Hello! Who is this?"

"Mr. Lloyd of Riverside. I want to ask if—"

"Mr. who?"

"Lloyd."

"Can't make it out. Say it again."

"Lloyd—Lloyd."

"Molloy?"

"No! Lloyd—just Lloyd."

"Gus-Joy?"

"No! No! Lloyd! Can't you say it once more?"

"Lloyd."

"Can't get it."

"Double l, o, y, d."

"Dub lido, loyde?" I don't understand Kanaka. Ring off!"

Hangs up phone in disgust.—Chicago Tribune.

Telephone in Surgery.

The war in South Africa has led to a novel and singular use of the telephone in surgery. Army surgeons, search for bullets by means of the telephone probe. The special utility of that instrument is based on the fact that when the plunger end of the probe close over a metal body a noise is heard in the telephone.—London Echo.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A New York bicyclist who ran into two women and was thrown from his wheel has created a sensation by getting up and apologizing.

The town that borrowed \$10,000 from Russell Sage and then went out of business has not had the last laugh. Mr. Sage is after the remains.

In the last hundred years Turkey has lost about half of its territory. This looks as if somebody had been using the Ottoman to walk off.

Maysville, Mo., is luxuriating in a broom war, and a standard article can be had for eight cents. Under these conditions the town should be swept clean.

Owing to American competition the Northeastern Steel Works, of Middleboro, England, is unable to declare a dividend for the first time for sixteen years.

In the matter of silk production the United States is gradually taking rank above all other nations. During the last three years consumption of raw material has exceeded that of France.

Another cure for consumption is announced. It will have to be admitted that the discoverers of cures for consumption deserve praise for their persistence, even if their cures do keep on falling.

Beltrami county, Minn., is the scene of a most remarkable strike. A judge and jury have positively refused to go on with the duties of the court until the county provides funds to pay them for their services.

A Missouri electrician has a cat which he claims he can make as lifeless as a marble image by a current of electricity. Then he reverses the current and the cat resumes its friskiness. There is really nothing remarkable about that—for a cat.

England appoints the Governor-General of Australia, but the United States sells that country her steel rails. An American firm was the successful bidder, only a few days since, for 1,000 tons for the State of Victoria, in the face of the world's competition.

Lord Hugh Cecil, Lord Salisbury's son, has broken all Parliamentary records by proposing a measure which did not get a single vote, not even his own. The Irish members whom he wished to imprison had to furnish him his tellers. There are some limits to subservience in the House of Commons.

What an irony on the aimless passion for accumulation is the struggle over the fortune of the tea-selling millionaire in Connecticut between him whom he hated and bangers on who had no claim on him! If his ghost is cognizant of the proceedings must it not ask itself, "Was it worth while?"

There are only two other states in the Union that produce more gold annually than do the three counties comprising the Black Hills in South Dakota, and they are Colorado and California. The gold output of the former for 1900 was \$29,500,000, and of the latter \$7,377,200. And then comes South Dakota with \$6,617,674 to her credit.

A hundred years ago Sicily would have quaked to witness the "blood rain" falling at Palermo. It was one of the most ominous portents of past centuries and a godsend to the soothsayer. Nowadays it is merely a precipitation of red Saharan sand, a terror only to the countryman whose knowledge is bounded by the prevailing prices of his farm stock.

The Boston Transcript earnestly advocates the purchase of the Calaveras sequoias by the Federal Government. It truly says: "These monarchs, among the wonders of the country and ought to be regarded as among its treasures. Congress, which feels that it can afford to buy old battlefields and sprinkle the country with public buildings like pepper on a pepper pot, ought not to turn a deaf ear to the plea of the Californians to save these trees, many of which are at least 6,000 years old."

It has been demonstrated by a careful test of a dozen of California and a dozen of Sicily lemons that the latter fruit contains nearly one-third more citric acid than the former, a fact due to the larger proportion of sulphur in the soil of Sicily, and the absence of it in the soil of California. A great many consumers have noticed the difference in making lemonade, that from the California lemon being far less tart than the beverage made from the Sicilian one, without understanding why.

The agricultural department, moved by a misleading newspaper story as to the profits in skunk raising, has issued a report in regard to the value of the skin of the animal whose peculiar gift has won him such world-wide notoriety. It appears that last season the price for prime black skins averaged \$1.50, but that white skins sold as low as twenty cents apiece. Skins having much white, and southern skins, sold for about \$1, a price which left no margin after paying the cost of raising the animal. Evidently skunk culture is not the gold mine it would have to be to attract the ordinary human being.